

The Principia.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1800.

POLITICAL ETHICS—THE INDEPENDENT.

We resume our discussion of the *Principles of Independence* as copied and convenience upon, in our last number. Having tested its "political ethics" by the word of God and the doctrine of "orthodoxy," we now propose to compare them with the "principles" of Congregational Church Independence, after which, we will review its "notions" of official oaths of perjury, of civil government, of safeguards against usurpation, despotism, &c. &c.

In congrualism, or Church Indep. indep., as held and practiced by our Puritan fathers, was organized religion protesting against the authority of man, when set up against the authority of conscience, and of God. Without that violent Congregationalism becomes a mere lead conventional form. The official persecutors of the Puritans, sometimes acknowledging the unjust severity of the maxims they enforced, often read them in conformity with the official duty of allegiance, which they dared not violate. The American Government, has its persecuting edicts, for hunting down with official bloodhounds, the christian fugitives from heathenism, who are seeking houses where they can read the Bible, enjoy the purity of christian marriage, and save their daughters from lives of compulsory prostitution—a christian self-expiation, vastly more necessary to secure their christian liberties and purity, than the self-expatriation of the Puritan pilgrims who landed at Plymouth from the May Flower,—edicts too, which punish with fines and imprisonment, the christians who refuse to join in the pursuit and capture of their christian brethren and sisters, and their rendition into the hell of pollution and darkness from which they have escaped. Nay, more, edicts that punish christian men and women for merely opening their houses to christian fugitives from such oppression, and giving them food and shelter, instead of spurning or betraying them, of whom Christ says—Inasmuch as ye did it or did it not, unto one of the least of these, my brethren and sisters, ye did it, or did it not unto me, adding: "And these, (who thus refuse succor) shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." Is it "orthodoxy"—is it in accordance with "Congregationalism," to be lieved and teach that "a good and true man" believing the edict to be "unjust, might nevertheless execute in good faith?" If it be, what becomes of the wide distinction between orthodoxy and heresy?—between Congregational Independence and a church-and-state prælacy over-riding the consciences of men, and forbidding the worship and service of the true God—the God of justice, mercy and truth, who accepts no worship from tyrants, who fraud and execute unrighteous decrees? The high church officials of England, enforced acts of uniformity in respect to rituals, forms of worship, gestures, gurus and ceremonies, that which they thought they could plausibly allege that they were innocent, and that non-conformity to them was owing to constancy rather than to conscience. They never persecuted christian females and families, on account of their flight from adulterous and enforced pollution. They never punished with fines and imprisonments, the christian duties of hospitality, humanity, and mercy to the poor. Compared with the justification of American Presidents who enforce the Fugitive Slave Act, the clerical justification of King Charles, was but a venial mistake, though the crime of Charles, as the Puritans believed, justly brought him to the block.

But of "perjury as a qualification of the Presidency," what shall we say? We say, in the first place, that *The Independent's* "political ethics" strike deeper than this. It not only insists that the President, having taken the oath to execute the laws, must enforce the Fugitive Act, must do it, if he continues to hold the office, but that he might in "good faith" "execute it rather than resign." Farther than ever this. We understand that *The Independent* would have the President accept the office with the understanding that he should take an oath to execute the Fugitive Act, and then do it. And *The Independent*, unless we mistake its position, encourages the people to vote for a Presidential candidate of that character, that he may do that fendish work as

their official servant, well knowing that it is a work of insanity.

But, to the point direct. Is the crime of "perjury" committed when a magistrate, having wickedly or insincerely taken an oath to execute an unjust statute, renounces and refuses to do so? *Ist?*

The late Anti-Masonic enemies, we suppose, had settled the question of the "perjury" of breaking wicked oaths. Perhaps, however, it will be said that Masons' oaths were extra-judicial, and therefore less sacred and binding than official oaths. Suppose that Masons, then, the National Association, and all other secret societies, would make it highly sinful to break? And could they not be broken without "perjury"? Do we not, in saying a wicked oath binds no man to any duty, make a "break fast" with? Is there anything sacred and binding in any oath?—Christian men should be anxious to be excommunicated, and then plead the sacred obligation of their conscience, if the sin of having taken such oaths, and being made, traps and snares for themselves? What are the *Independent's* "principles of political ethics" applied here to this question? What are the teachings of the divinity required? How does the orthodox theologian dispose of such questions? From what text of scripture—from what doctrine of Evangelical religion, has *The Independent* learned that an oath of allegiance to Satan, against the God of justice and mercy, may not be broken without "perjury"? Among all the noble army of martyrs, which of them has taught or exemplified such "political ethics"?

When forty men bound themselves by an oath, that they would neither eat nor drink, till they had killed Paul, would they have been guilty of the crime of "perjury" if they had repented, and abandoned the enterprise? Will it be said that they were not bound by official oaths? But, suppose they had been, would that have altered the question? Would King Herod have been guilty of perjury, had he broken his oath, whether official, or un-official, instead of abandoning John the Baptist? If some modern teacher of religion, say Rev. Dr. J. P. Thompson, or Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, had lived in Judea, at that time, and had instructed Herod that he might fulfill his promise in good faith, while knowing he was to be *unjust*—may, that he needs must do it, to avoid the guilt of perjury, how would the story look on the New-Testament record? And what would the *Independent* think of it? The servants and the hosts of Pharaoh, who joined with him in oppressing the people, and who aided in his pursuit of the fugitives, for their re-capture, were doubtless bound to him, and to the execution of his edicts, by oaths of allegiance and obedience—but did that take away their sin, or shield them from punishment? Suppose they had believed—as doubtless they did believe—the mandate to be unjust—that conviction was a necessity of their moral natures, from which they could not escape, could that sense of the injustice of their conduct, translate it into justice?

Some say that the guilt of wrong doing, is taken away by ignorance of the right, which might be true, if the ignorance were total and not wilful. The doctrine that a knowledge of the right makes amends for wrong doing, is a new heresy in ethics, wanting a name and a precedent.—But, farther.

The oath to support the Constitution, is an oath to administer it for its declared objects, "to establish justice and secure the blessings of liberty," and consequently it is an oaths not to administer injustice nor support slavery. An oath to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed, carries with it the obligation to understand and discern what is law. It is an oath to "take care" that usurpation and injustice, which are not law, shall not be executed. The President that executes the Fugitive Act, having taken this official oath, purifies himself before God. The very act of appealing to God the God of justice, in taking the oath, is an act recognizing the solemn obligation of doing nothing unjust, or offensive to God. What absurdity can exceed that of supposing that a appeal to God, promising to do justice, will make that injustice pleasing to him? So far as doing justice, being "perjury" will offend him?

The oath we repeat it—to minister justice, is an oath to learn and know what is law. And the "principles" of law as taught by Moses and the prophets, by Jesus Christ and his apostles—as recognized by Cicero, Justinian, Fortescue,

Coke, Lyttelton, Blackstone, and all competent Christian jurists, are identical with the "principles" of equity, justice, equality, the law of nature, the law of God. The *Independent* may cry out against all this as "a usurpation" a power transferring the President on a dictum—just as though all the usurpations of transmogrifiers did not consist in that every usurpation of absolute or partial justice, for giving *The Independent* control. The blood of the Puritan martyrs, and all of the Revolutionary heroes was shed in vindication and defense of the principles of *constitutional rights*. *The Independent* says, Happily, such votives have been offered to the principles of political justice as they have been in due season. What kind of *notices* have been given to the slaves of Maryland, now slaves for the descendants of Washington, and the wealth of there, in the Atlantic port cities? Are the *notices* of "a general" now presented, and in the name of God, of what? *The Independent* has been engaged in the fight of these developments, and *will* be responsible for them. The actions of the Puritans are an example to us, and for the rights of conscience—the model of the independence for civil and political liberty, will be to be sought every where. If such nations are to be, as we are, among professors and teachers of religion,

It would be no encumbrance task if it were not considered as to tax the eloquence of *The Independent* on this subject. Where did it then that the oath to execute the laws was an oath to exempt "unjust if not unconstitutional enactments?" Is everything *law*, that can be run, with application of "log-rolling" by corrupt legislators, at Washington or Albany, through the mill of a legislative vote, and inscribed on the statute book?

What can be meant by the duty and wisdom of executing the very worst, the bloodiest, the most despotic, the most impious of all the heebots of the slave-power, "rather than resign the Government into the hands of the slave-power, or introduce anarchy and despotism?" Is not the Government in the hands of the slave-power, already, if the Executive executes the very worst of all the heebots of the slave-power, the Act for hunting and capturing its fugitive victims?

How is executing an act, though acknowledged to be unjust, "quite another thing" from executing it, under the belief or pretense of its justice? Did Herod indeed wash his hands in *innocence*, when he washed them in *water*, and said, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person, see ye to it!"—yet, at the same time "gave sentence that it should he as they required," and "delivered him to be crucified" [Compare Matth. XXVII, 24, 26 with Luke XXIII, 24.] Did his knowledge and confession of the right, make amends for his doing the wrong? By what article in the creed of "orthodoxy" are we taught this?

Under what "necessity" is a man to work wickedness, in consequence of his official position and oath?

How can an one be said to "shrink from doing an act which he disapproves," while, at the same time, so far from "shrinking from doing it" he does it, as a religious duty, in obedience to the dictates of wisdom?

If all that receives a majority vote of the two branches of a Legislature, and the President's or Governor's signature, he therefore *has* of what use are Constitutions, and of Judges to set aside enactments that are unconstitutional? Of what use are consciences and Bibles, and the Spirit it of all Truth, to guide Christian magistrates and citizens in the discharge of their public duties, if the Legislative voice, of course, in opposition to the law of nature and the word of God, has authority to determine everything for them, without their deliberations?

Why, or for what useful purpose, have the people, in forming their Government, separated, carefully the legislative, judicial and executive functions, if one of the departments has nothing to do but to execute the mandate of the other department, whether constitutional or unconstitutional, whether *just* or *unjust*? If one department of the Government is to play the autocrat to the other, why not resolve all the departments into one? Of what use are attempted divisions and balances of power, to prevent one department from becoming an "absolute Dictator"—in the presence of "such nations," as *The Independent*? If either one of the three departments may not interpose to shield the people from the "usurpation" of the other, why reorganize and support the three departments? Just so, if our

State Governments cannot shield us from the usurpation and despotism of a National Administration—and vice versa—why tax ourselves to keep up the two governments?

If the Southern Insurgents had it, President has "no power to arrest a law," we admit it. But we insist that he has power to refrain from carrying an impious enactment which is no law, and which no Legislature has power or authority to make law.

GREELEY, SEWARD, RAYMOND, WEED, &c.

We have it from our impartial journalists, to say that Mr. Greeley's Letter to Gov. Seward—while it may only give brief extracts, last week—does not give any threat of retaliation, as alleged by Mr. Raymond. That letter is full of complaints, and regret over so many instances with his constituents, that will get Seward into trouble with Mr. Greeley's living friends, if we do not have many. It does not exhibit him as a disinterested平原人 to those who will tell that his services, personal and political, had been unappreciated, and Mr. Seward's favor lavished on others less deserving of them. On the other hand, it will be said that he received the pecuniary compensation, as editor, that he stipulated for and had no right to complain of. It still remains that Seward's magnanimity, justice, gratitude, and sagacity, in the distribution of his patronage, will be widely questioned. The old adage that those who labor most fitfully and most affectively for a patron, a party, or a public object, are almost uniformly least appreciated, rewarded most sparingly, or thrown wholly aside, cannot fail to be recalled to mind by this development. Mr. Seward, too, in his turn, is reaping the same experience. While Mr. Greeley may be charitably acquited of retaliation, in his course at Chicago, and of disingenuousness in disowning such a motive, it is difficult to suppose that his thorough knowledge and definite appreciation of Mr. Seward was wholly disconnected from his personal acquaintance and intercourse with him; or that, with Mr. G.'s known tenacity of opinion and continuity of feeling, there could have been no unperceived bias, in a different direction from what, as the result of a different previous history, might have naturally taken place. Mr. Seward's defects, however real, might have been unperceived by a strongly attached and grateful friend. And so, without impeachment of Mr. Greeley, we may imagine that the result at Chicago might have been different, had his antecedents been different. Men's minds are easily and unconsciously turned.

Mr. Seward, we think, has gained nothing by showing Mr. Greeley's Letter to Mr. Raymond and others, as he has done. Mr. Raymond, certainly, has not helped himself, by his course. After having charged that the Letter contained a threat of retaliation, he was bound to substantiate the charge or retract it. But he has done neither. In a review of Greeley's Letter and comments, in his *Times*, he sides over that question entirely—very much to his discredit as a journalist, and as a man. On the whole, while neither of the two can have gained by this disclosure, Mr. Greeley, we think, loses least. Mr. Seward is now second best, and Mr. Raymond at the tail end, in his appropriate place. We wonder more than ever who contrived, or when available, Mr. Seward could ever have discovered in his. Mr. S. has been unfortunate in his selection of friends.

As this belongs to *Mr. Thurlow Weed's* West, as he is called, it were sufficient to sink any estimate, to have the advocacy and the influence of Thurlow Weed. No man did more than he, to disgrace and destroy the Whig party, to which he belonged. The same destructive power has been exerted upon Mr. Seward and the Republican party, and with similar success. Fortunately for Mr. C. A. Dana of the *Times*, Weed has passed upon him, which will be received as presumptive evidence, that there is something left of soundness there. But the political poll is boiling furiously, the elements are tempestuous, battering, boiling over and hissing. The sun and clouds are passing over the surface, columns of scintillant vapor ascending, with effluvia, of tainted meat, in the nostrils. Opening the windows we are letting in fresh air, and violating the screens. The best part of Greeley's comments on past experience, he gives in the words of Scripture, "Put not your trust in Friends." Follow principle, and run not after great men. Thus he advises young politicians, and thus we advise all. Ed or

you, particularly *Mr. Greeley* and *The Tribune*, and these who regard them as friends.

C. L. LEAVY VERSUS THE PRINCIPIA.

A few days ago, in Boston, it was that Mr. Cassius M. Clay, in his speech before you, that *The Principia* has intentionally suppressed him. One of the points is that we represented him as having said this and so, at Richmond, Va., when in fact it was Mr. Charles E. Kennedy. This, we think is a mistake. But we do find that in referring to his letter to the Editor of the Richmond Messenger, we had it (Richmond) Va., an unnecessary but very natural mistake. Is Richmond (Va.) less generally known at the North? We readily make the correction, which we hope will be satisfactory, though we cannot perceive its utility.

Another point, we understand, is that *The Principia* will find language hard enough to dominate him, because he said he would be for his own race, in case of an insurrection. Our answer to this is, we quote from the Tribune's Report, Feb. 1st of his speech just previous, in the Cooper Institute, as follows:

"If that day comes, which God forbid it should come, when the African slave and the superior race should take up arms to vindicate their liberty, which, in no States we dare, buy the destruction of the white or the black race, I am *in the side of my own race*. The solution of this problem is a fraternal one. These are the sentiments I have always avowed. Further, I believe this to be the sentiment, so far as I know, of the members of the great Republican party of the States."

This sentiment we did and do still characterize as "Honest, law-abiding, heaven-defying, self-defeating." And we add, what we now repeat:

"Thomas Jefferson, in anticipation of such a contingency, in his will, and in the light of Biblical prophecies, opinions in general, it was the language of Biblical prophecies and of truth. The Almighty has no attributes that could take sides with us in such a contest. Will C. M. Clay, deny the truthfulness of Mr. Jefferson's statement? No. He cannot. He will not. He distinctly admits that the right and, by necessary implication, that the God of righteousness is on the side of the oppressed. Yet he deliberately, and, we presume, proclaim his determination to fight against the God of Right, taking sides with the serpent against the oppressed?" Yet will not sober Christian men wake up to the madness of committing the sacred cause of freedom into the hands of politicians like these?

It is this, doubtless, that troubles Mr. Clay. But the controversy is less with *The Principia* newspaper than with the first principles of truth and righteousness, in his own conscience. We do not "misrepresent" him by publishing his own words, nor almost him by expressing freely our honest convictions in respect to them. It is not the denunciations of *The Principia* that are injuring Mr. Clay, but his own sentiments, expressed in his own language.

Political Abolition in Boston

The Liberator contains the proceedings of a Political Abolition Convention in Boston, May 29. President, Rev. John Pierpont, Secretaries, Delusion Stacy, J. H. Fowler, Business Committee, S. S. Foster, J. Reipath, N. G. Allen, C. W. Eldridge, R. J. Hinman.

The Resolutions embody the idea and the duty of a national abolition of slavery under the Constitution of the United States, which is declared to be "entirely and unequivocally on the side of freedom," prohibiting slavery in the States and investing the Federal Government with ample powers to abolish it, wherever found.

Resolutions were adopted by John Pierpont, Stephen S. Foster, and opposed by H. C. Wright, and Wendell Phillips. Resolutions were also presented in relation to the imprisonment of Theodore Hyatt, and also for the organization of a New-England Political Anti-Slavery Association. The adoption of the Resolutions is not distinctly stated, though we infer that they were adopted, and the Convention adjourned to meet in Worcester, sometime during summer, in the call of the President of the Convention, and the Chairman of the Business Committee.

This movement, a novelty in Boston, seems co-incident with the Whig party in this State and elsewhere. We regard it as an indication of an *under current* among abolitionists generally, all over the country in favor of, and preparatory to a reorganization of direct and earnest political action, before long.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS has returned from England, and is at his pen and chair editorial again, at Rochester.

News of the Day.

THE DROUGHT IN KANSAS continues, and threatens a failure of crops.

THE GREAT EASTERN Steamer from England, is soon expected, when our citizens will have another three day's wonder to run after, and home.

THE WESTERN TORNADOES appear to have been more extensive, and more destructive of life and property, than was at first supposed. Western papers are crowded with details, for which we have no room.

THE JAPANESE ENEMIES have visited and almost besieged us, since our last issue. They have been engaged in cavalry, and thronged by processions, feasted, treated with liquor, showered with bouquets, begged to, ogled, waved at, with every courtesy, and, we should think, bored almost to death. Some of them look grave, dimwitted, dignified, deigning no notice of the obtrusive attentions paid to them. But one of them, quite young, and to be of highest rank, if not of royal blood, or heir apparent, seems delighted and gleeful, waving his hands to the ladies, throwing kisses at them, and winning the familiar nickname of *Tommy*. Efforts have been made in some places, to approach them with religious books and instructions, which they have generally repelled. It were to be wished that we had a purer phase of Christianity, and a higher type of civilization to exhibit, in living exercise, before them, instead of all this empty parade, and formality, and frivolity, and nonsense, by which they are in danger of being either disgusted or demoralized, or both, rather than benefited, by their journey among us.

HARPER'S FERRY INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

MAJORITY AND MINORITY REPORTS.

WASHINGTON, Friday, June 15, 1850.

THE MAJORITY REPORT.

The Report made to the Senate this morning by Mr. Mason, Chairman of the Harper's Ferry Committee, comprises 150 foolscap pages, exclusive of voluminous testimony. A full history is given of Brown's movements and results, and reference is made to the utter insecurity of the peace and safety of some of the States of the Union, owing to the excited condition of the public mind, and its purpose in the non-slaveholding States. Although it may not become the Committee to suggest a duty, in those States, to provide by proper legislation against machinations within their borders, destructive of the peace of the confederate Republics, it does become them fully to expose the consequences resulting from the present course in the non-slaveholding States, to the peace and integrity of the Union, which is necessarily involved in its continuance.

The rifled carbines, manufactured in Connecticut, intended, as it would appear, to be ordinarily used in strife in Kansas, and sent thither for that purpose, were voluntarily placed by the Massachusetts Kansas Committee, through its chairman, in the hands of Brown, with vague and unexplained instructions as to their use; but the truth was, it would appear he finally conceived the purpose of exciting civil war in some of the Slaveholding States. This expedition, so atrocious in character, would have been averted had even ordinary care been taken on the part of the Massachusetts Committee to ascertain whether Brown was truthful in his professions. The testimony shows that after his treasonable proceedings at Chatham, he went back to New-England, traveling through its several villages, collecting money, which was freely contabulated under the auspices both of Howe and Stevens, and others with a knowledge that he retained the large sum of arms of which they had failed to dispose him.

On the whole testimony, there can be no doubt that Brown's plan was to excite a warlike war on the borders of Virginia, which he expected to extend, and which he believed his means and resources were sufficient to extend through that State and the entire South. It does not seem that he intended to make friends with his plans fully, even after they were set in motion.

The Committee are prepared to suggest any legislation which, in their opinion, would be adequate to prevent like occurrences in future. The only provisions of the Constitution of the United States, which would seem to import

Family Miscellany.

For The Principia

LOVE'S ANNIVERSARY.

One year ago it night my love
One year ago we met
How often since that last sweet time
The happy suns have set;

And closing's star has brought the e'ning
Nor Earth's gloom too light;
They have but I could remember back
Of that one dear, best night,

No step has brushed the falling dew,
Glad hastenings to my home,
Nor twilight's depths so sweetly breathed
I come, my love, I come!

Yet many eyes the long-watched door,
Where first my dreamless gaze,
We the stand—then quick advance,
Those unforgetten ways!

And now to home, and the last
Last meeting, let me see,
Love's very captured glance and won,
Those sweet words of thine!

Yet faded, the bright illusion still
And morn's fair voices speak,
Sleep this the only solace left,
"Tis van again to see!

Ah! never shall stern life renew
The vision hope has given,
Joy's star kiss through the deepening bine
Only where—in heaven.

THE PLAYMATE.

BY JOHN C. WHITTIER.

The place was dark on Rannah's hill,
The song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow,

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orb'd birds sang clear;
The sweetest day of all the year
Is seemed of all the year;

For we're to me birds and flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of Kith and Kin,
She left her home to me;
What could she ask the bashful boy
Who fed her father's swain?

She left us in the bloom of May;
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May morns.
But she came back no more.

I walk with noiseless feet, the round
Of numberless stars are over me;
Still on, o'er o'er, I see the spring
And reap the autumn ear!

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come to grow.

They're happy with her, herself a hand,
She sits on her father's gown,
No more the homespun lap where
I shook off the winter down.

The willow waves wait by the hill;
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the blossoms seem to awake
The buds of April's bairn.

The lilac blossoms in the wood
The bird-songs in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Rannah hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks 't of them,
And how we used to sit—
I never thought of Rannah wood
Are something in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice,
Does she remember mine?
And what where is now the boy
Who fed her father's swain?

What care she that the swallows build
For me, the poor old man,
That other birds with nests are filled,
And their laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!
Our roses seat is green,
Its ringing v'oice is young, yes,
The world is at its least.

The winds are sweet with her, and ferns,
A winter memory blow;

And there in spring the violets sing
The song of love ago.

And still the pines of Rannah wood
Are sounding like the sea.

The majority of the men I sang
Between myself and thee.

MY MOTHER.

How many pleasant associations cluster around the name of Mother! Everything pure and holy seems entwined about the very word. Years may pass since she went to rest; tall grass may be growing on her grave; yet with reverence would we cherish her memory. It seems but yesterday that we were children together, with a mother to counsel and guide our steps, on the path of duty. But she is gone, and we must finish our journey without her smile, glad eyes, and joyful way. To whom, then, we may look with such confidence? To whom can we go with all our trials and troubles? Surely to no earthly friends. There is a vacancy which can never be filled. We may lose other friends, and their loss abide with us as a measure, but "what is home without a mother there?" If there is a soul on earth at which angels would weep, it is a group of little ones just bereft of a mother's care. See them as they gather at night about the fireside where they were wont to receive their good-night kiss from her. Who can fill that mother's place? If spirits are permitted to hold communion with their friends on earth, it now be a mother will watch over her little ones she left behind. Her last prayer on earth is for the welfare of her children, and with what anguish does she bid them the last farewell as her spirit is about to take its flight into the mystic world. Thus for the sake of her who is gone, be kind to the motherless little ones! "For a mother, lost in childhood, grieves the heart from day to day."

Or, even if her days be prolonged till the "evening of life," how hard it is then to give her up. That dear form, once erect, is now bent towards the grave, her hair is silvered o'er with age, her step is faltering, still we can hardly believe her growing old, we think we can ever part with her. But ere we are aware of it, she is gone forever from us. Yes! those dear hands are folded peacefully across her breast; those eyes, whose delight was to gaze at the flowers she loved so well, are closed in death. And now, as we visit the sacred mound, where, repose the remains of a dear mother, may we try to follow in her footsteps, to be guided by her example, we may then rest assured that when we are done with this world it will be well with us.

DOUBT FROM INACTIVITY.—We can not give the philosophy of it, but this is the fact—Christians who have nothing to do but to sit thinking of themselves, meditating, sentimentalizing, or mysticizing—are almost sure to become the prey of dark, black misgivings. John struggling in the desert needs no proof that Jesus is the Christ. John shut up, becomes morbid and doubtful, immediately. The history of a human soul is marvelous. We are mysteries; but here is the history of it all—for sadness, for sufferings, for misgivings, there is no remedy but stirring and doing.—Robertson.

How much truth there is in the above! Undoubtedly one of the causes why members of churches so often become cold and lifeless, and half-athistic, is that the live lives of idleness. They have never been aroused to work for their brother fellow man. Their love is for the world and the things in the world, and they turn aside with aversion from heavenly things. But if these same lifeless members could have their spirits quickened with the true religion of our Savior—if they would work as he worked, in fighting against the evil that is in the world, and in inaugurating a reign of righteousness here on earth—how soon would they be transformed to the ever-wakeful, ever-living men?—The World we live in.

CHILDHOOD.—We could never have loved the earth so well, if we had had no childhood in it—if it were not the earth where the same flowers come up again every spring, that we used to gather with our tiny fingers as we sat listening to our sister's voice on the grass—the same hips and haws in the autumn hedge-rows—the same redresses that we used to call "God's birds," because they did no harm to the precious crops. What a pity it is worth that sweet monotony where everything is known, and loved because it is known! The world I walk in, on this mid May day, with the young yellow-flinged wings of the bees between me and the blue sky, the white star-flowers and the blue-eyed speedwell, and the ground ivy at my feet—what grove of tropic palms, what

strange forest of splendid broad-petaled blossoms, could compare with such a deep and robust flora, as we see this summer? Those familiar flowers, those well-known scenes, the sky with its fitful brightness, these forested and grassy fields each with a sort of personality given to by the captain of hedge-rows—such things as these are the native tongue of our imagination, the language that is filled with all the sweetest recollections of our childhood, and sheltered them. Our thoughts in the summer, the shadowed grass by day, night the roses than the faint perfume of wistaria scents, it is sweet to have these under the trees, to far-off towns, which will free us in us, and transmute our perception into诗—*The Meadow* on the *Flame*.

A NEW METHOD OF TASTING LIQUOR.—A gentleman recently alighted up to the bar of a hotel and ordered two glasses of brandy. The bar-keeper handed down a decanter containing a dark colored but quite beautiful liquor. The master had well called for the brandy glass. He stepped into the apartment with a view to find some one who would drink with him.—Observing a negro sitting near the stove, he exclaimed, "Boy, will you take a glass of brandy with me?" "Tash-eo, massa," was the reply, and the negro walked up and swallowed his glass, filled by the hand of his benevolent friend.

The bar-keeper set up the decanter, took the change for two glasses, and observing that his customer had not swallowed the glass which he had poured out for himself, he inquired, "Are you not going to drink your liquor, sir?" I am not dead, yet," was the reply: "you mix up such infernal compounds, these days, that it is unsafe for a man to drink until he has seen the liquors tested. If that negro lives fifteen minutes, I will sure to swallow my glass." The negro rose, with an evident expression of anxiety on his dusky countenance, and stammered—Whether the thirsty traveler ultimately drank his glass, I have not learned.—*Maine Times, Journal*.

While reading the above, the imagination came over us that the white people of America are treating the Negro to the bitter draught of slavery, preparatory to drinking the cup to the dregs themselves. They have no idea, now, of drinking it. In this they differ from the customer of the hotel. But the difference argues nothing in their favor. More stupid than the patron of the rum-seller, it never occurs to them that the aristocracy they are fattening would as eagerly victimize *them*, as the negro, nor that the mixture that is death to the one, will prove equally fatal to the other. In the very act of testing the poison by its effect upon the Negro, they are sipping, with dough-faced servility, the same degrading beverage themselves, even voting not to invade the premises, nor disturb the vested rights of the destroyer!

This way of testing the quality of the deadly poison has been tried quite too long, in this country, already.—*The Principle*.

A GOOD CUSTOM.—It is a law—or custom, which appears to be the same thing—with the Japanese, that every man is bound to leave on his grounds as many trees as he finds, and if he cuts one down, to plant another in its place. Hence, in the Jidao, the forest city, some groves cover acres, and were in the most perfect state of nature, while in other places, however thick the trees were planted, and deep shade they cast among them were to be seen neat houses and villages, and the most elegant shrubs dwarfed, and their branches trimmed like the most fanciful shapes.

IDLENESS AND POVERTY.—To be idle and to live on have always been reproaches; and therefore my countrymen always with the utmost care to hide his poverty from others, and his idleness from himself.

When a man has been intemperate so long that shame no longer pains a blush upon his cheek, his humor generally does it instead.

WRITINGS OF WILLIAM GODDELL.

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